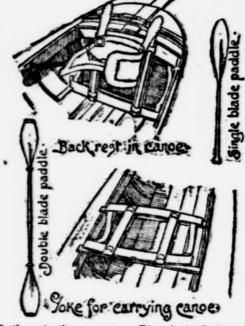
THE COST OF AN OUTFIT.

Hint From an Experienced Navigator-The Division of Camp Work-What is Needed to Equip a Party of Three-The Chances of Upsetting.

> Written for THE EVENING STAR. ANOEING is becoming more and more

opular every year. The meets of the arious clubs not only attract scores of isitors, but, through the medium of the press, they arouse interest in the subject all over the country. Wherever there is a river or a lake there the American youth is bound, sooner or later, to try a little canceing as an experiment, and the chances are that he becomes a confirmed canoniat. It is for the benefit of this young man particularly that we publish the following useful article by Mr. C. B. Vaux, the well-known authority on canoe-

The man who truly enjoys canoeing as a recreation will journey alone rather than stay prosaically at home. The pleasure of a trip is more than doubled if a friend accompanies one -in another cance. The perfect cruising party



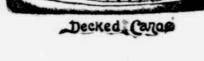
is three in three canoes. The fact that each man navigates his own boat, carries all his own belongings and enjoys perfect freedom insures good feeling during the trip under trying circumstances. There are many ties to bind the men together-the frying pan being not the least among them. One set of cooking utensils is enough for all, equally divided among the three, and, as a meal cannot be cooked unless all are present at roll call, a mutual agreement is sure to result when a camp site is under discussion. The majority rules, and with three in the party the odd man must obey the dictates of the others.

The camp work naturally divides itself into cooking, the procuring of supplies, fire wood and water and dish washing. Each man in turn assumes these duties, or agrees to do one of them all the time, if he has a natural aptitude that way. When his work is over each man can attend to his personal wants, bed making, putting up his tent and the like. It is foolish to start on a canoe cruise alone

rithout having had a previous canoe and camp experience, as the discomforts will become simply unbearable. The wise novice accompanies two experienced cruisers on his first trip and learns the ropes gradually and without suffering abject torture half the time. A little experience is absolutely necessary before eruise is undertaken, as even the simple work of paddling is very tiring to untrained muscles. The man who cannot swim should remain at home until he learns, or seek his recreation on

The first necessity of a canoeist's outfit is naturally a canoe. Canoes are not "to let." and one must be bought or borrowed—the latter be-







ing a difficult thing to do and generally unsatisfactory when accomplished. Leaving out of the count racing canoes and big sailing boats built for open water cruising, there are two general classes to choose from—the open Cana-dian and decked cruiser. A light open boat is best for shallow water, rapids, camping in the woods and on cruises where the canoe has to be carried over land around falls or through the woods from lake to lake. Either the single or double blade paddle may be used. These boats cost in Canada from \$20 to \$30 and onethird the cost must be added to the price here for duty. Small open canoes are made by builders on this side of the border weighing from 10 to 30 pounds that cannot be improved upon for some kinds of cruising. A good decked cance weighing from 60 to 100 pounds and costing about \$100 now is the best boat for river, lake and rapids, when it is not necessary often to lift the boat out of the water to pass an obstruction. Excellent second-hand canoes of this variety can be obtained for much less money from members of canoe clubs who every now and then get a bad attack of the racing fever and part with good cruisers for nominal

simple one and consists of one coat (rarely worn except on shore), two pairs of trousers, two flannel shirts, two suits of underclothes, four pairs of socks, two pairs of shoes-rubbersoled canvas or leather—one hat, a suit of oil



chiefs. A complete change of clothing is kept in a rubber bag tied up water tight and stowed

away in the canoe hold ready for use in case of a wetting from rain or an unlucky capsize. A double-bladed paddle nine feet long. jointed in the middle, is the instrument locomotion. The canoeist must travel "light," and therefore every article he carfies should serve more than one purpose.

The paddle is the weapon of offense and defense, and may be used to pole the canoe up a rapid. A four-footsix cork cushion serves as a bed on the floor of cance at night, a cushion to sit on by day and a life preserver in case of necessity at any time. The most comfortable night dress is a suit of flannel pajamas, and they can be worn also on hot days when away from settlements. Only barbarians sleep in their day clothes. A Only barbarians sleep in their day clothes. A sleeping bag is the best covering at night, as it gives the maximum amount of warmth for its weight and buik. It should also be kept in a rubber bag when not in use or being aired and sunned, as it should be a part of every day when the cruiser is on shore. It is of the utmost importance to keep the night covering perfectly dry for health and comfort.

A well-handled cance properly loaded is not likely to upset. It may get more or less water aboard, however, from spray and rain, and

## BOLIVIAN TROOPERS.

Correspondence of THE EVENING STAR. La Paz, Bolivia, July 80. N A LAND whose institutions are upheld by force of arms alone soldiers are necessarily a prominent feature, and in La therefore all perishable goods must be kept Paz, since the late revolutionary troubles, dry. All the duds should be so fastened in the they seem more numerous than ever. The rebel army, by the way, discouraged by the lack of funds and the refusal of the bank to cash Gen. Camacho's worthless check for

WASHING DISHES

and double-decker (one vessel within the other)

salt boxes, a water-tight fruit jar with screw top, to carry plenty of matches, a small ax and fire irons, if an open fire is to be used. These

things and the provisions are evenly divided up among all three, so that each carries his

Sugar, coffee, tea, oatmeal, dried apples,

prunes, flower and similar articles are put in

muslin bags having puckering strings at top. All of these small bags are placed in a large waterproof one when not in use. Rubber bags.

large enough for clothing, blankets or pro-visions, can be got at the rubber goods stores, During rainy weather it is always well to carry

a little dry kindling wood in the canoes to

avoid delay in starting a camp fire. An open fire for cooking should be a small one. The

fire irons are placed over it and cooking ves-sels rest on them. Meat should be broiled

when the fire has burned down to a bed of live

coals. It is an art to so arrange the cooking

that the "long" and "short" stock of a meal is all ready and hot at one time. Dish water is

put on to heat while the meal is being eaten.

I'wo hot meals a day are enough on a cruise-

breakfast and dinner; lunch can be taken cold.

and thus save labor and time.

A small tent over the cockpit of the canoe

securely and firmly placed on shore) affords

halves of the paddle) stepped in the mast tubes.

The cost of cruising is about 50 cents a day.

wenty-five dollars will pay for an outfit, rail-

way fares, provisions and a few luxuries for a

two weeks' trip, not including the original cost

The constant surprises, the difficulties to be

but a few of the attractions that cance cruising

has for those who have a bit of the spirit of

dventure in them. It costs little, benefits

nealth, adds strength and vigor to the whole

body, occupies the mind constantly and is

capable of furnishing rare sport to those who

have the grit to thoroughly master the details.

BIRTH OF THE MINT JULEP.

A Traveler Initiated a Farmer With Dis-

Mint juleps are the most refreshing beverage

known to modest drinkers this very warm

weather. There is much demand for the es-

sence of the sweet-smelling leaf, but of all

those who smack their lips after tasting the de-

licious mixture there are few that know the

origin of the very pleasing drink. Some years

Kentucky a traveler stopped at the farmer's

horse, asked the smiling old lord of the big

"Why, yes," was the reply, "and maybe you

would not object to a little of the good old stuff

the weary rider. While on his mission of charity the traveler's nasal organ came in contact

bed of mint in an adjoining kitchen garden,

and on receiving a glass of clear spring water

give him a bunch of the mint. He got it and

The old gentleman was surprised and asked

The world's stock of diamonds has increased

he output of the African mines was about

1,500,000 carate, last year it was over 4,000,000,

and the great "trust" which controls all the

principal mines assert that they have 16,000,-

oon carats "in sight" at the present time. Meantume the demand for diamonds has wonderfully increased, and they are higher today—partly because of the "trust," but also because of increased demands—than they were a year or two ago. In one respect the diamond industry is different from almost all others. Its product—that is, of gems—is never "consumed."

Of gold and silver a much larger amount than most people would believe is literally consumed

in the arts past recovery, but a diamond once

cut goes into the world's great stock, and it is liable to come upon the market at any time. Hence the world's annual taking of diamonds,

which appears to be steadily increasing, even at advancing prices, is an index of how much

Hypnotizes Her Converts.

Two St. Louis physicians have appealed to

the mayor to stop the religious revival now in

progress in a large tent on Jefferson avenue

mixed the first mint juiep heard of.

the grass gave out he died."

From the Boston Post

estate if he could have a glass of water.

From the St. Louis Republic.

C. B. VAUX.

of the canoe.

hare of the common load.

cance that in case a capsize does occur-and it is sure to come at the most inconvenient time-nothing can be lost, and then it is a matter of little consequence. The paddle must be held on to, whatever occurs. If it is lost the trip \$60,000, has temporarily disbanded, and for must come to an untimely end. Each man must be supplied with a plate, knife, fork, spoon and cup, which he washes and carries in his cance. The party need a frying pan, broiler, pot for boiling vegetables in, small pail for coffee water, French coffee pot, stew pan and double decker (or present within the strip pand to be decker (or present within the strip pand to be decker (or present within the strip pand to be decker (or present within the strip pand to be decker (or present within the strip pand to be decker (or present within the strip pand to be decker (or present within the strip pand to be decker (or present within the strip pand to be decker (or present within the strip pand to be decker (or present within the strip pand to be decker (or pand to be decker). some weeks past a sort of armed peace has prevailed. The rebels, however, are only biding their time, waiting the opportunity to spring upon the government in some unguarded moment, like a very small kitten upon a very large mouse, in which event there is no telling for oatmeal, prunes, apple sauce, a milk pail, pail (or sausage skins) for butter, pepper and what the result may be. Military parades are always frequent here,

doubtless with a view to impressing the people with their powers, but now hardly a day goes by without a grand display of cavalry and infanry, rank and file, evoluting around and around the plaza. Martial music is continually in the air. At stated intervals during every day a company of soldiers comes sweeping down the hill from one barrack or up the hill from another, marching behind a brass band in full toot and halting before the president's casa, where they render a selection or two for the delectation of the people. It is only the ceremusic and musketry. Besides all this it has been the custom from time immemorial to have military music in front of the palacio two nights in every week and on the evenings of most fiesta days, when three bands stationed in a row play alternately, each musician with a soldier before him, whose back serves as a rack for the score, while gaily caparisoned officers off duty swarm like mosquitoes and crowds of people promenade around and around the

GUNS STOCKED IN CHURCH. All the soldiers are obliged to attend mass on Sunday mornings, "clean shirt day," as it is irreverently called, and an interesting sight it is to see them come marching in with shining bayonets over their shoulders, each division headed by its officers. They completely fill the body of the church and the sound of the organ is drowned by the blare of trumpets. At a signal arms are presented, down goes every musket upon the stone floor with a thud which shakes the building and then the men stand motionless as statues until the proper time comes to fall upon their knees. In the Bolivian army a great variety of uni-

form is noticeable, each officer having apparently been allowed to exercise his own taste in the equipment of his company and amazingly have their individual fancies swung out in the matter of personal adornments. There are suits in gray and gold, in black and gold, in blue and gold, in blue and red, in black and blue, in gray and black; others all red, all gray, all blue; and caps of various shapes and colors acteristic of Spanish hidalgoes. The "President's Guards," whom we see careering about the city in gorgeous array, are, of course, the crack regiment-in dress and demeanor as far removed as the antipodes from the shabby, bare-footed common soldiers. The cavalry make the finest display, the officers on powerful white horses, a thousand men clad in scarconquered and the pleasures of exploration are let from top to toe, and riding as only South

> Without disparaging the valor of Bolivian soldiers their general get-up reminds one of an historic incident which may perhaps illustrate their character. It was many years ago, in some fracas between Peru and Bolivia, when the armies of the two countries rushed forth to battle with banners flying. So spiendidly arrayed were they and so stunning an appearance did they make that when one beheld the other both sides turned tail and fled in confusion. Gathering courage at length, the rival generals, with such men as they could ralty, returned to face one another, keeping at re spectful dist nee and talking through trumpets. when, after considerable parleying, the war was declared "off," both armies marched home in triumph with flags unfurled, and to this day the local historians of both countries chronicle

their side as victorious. In connection with the difficulty of placing may be mentioned that her armies are composed of about as many officers as men. From ago when passing by a farm in the state of time immemorial it has been the object of ruling powers to render the military loval to the government through pride of self-interest, if not from patriotism. Thus we see corporals house on the roadside, and, getting off his flourishing about in toggery of colonels, with pay to correspond, and the leader of one of the bands wears the full uniform of a general and receives the honors and emoluments pertaining to the latter position.

AN INTERESTING OLD HERO. and the old man went to supply the wants of One of the most distinguished warriors Bolivia has produced was Gen. Melgarejo, who with the sweet odor that emanated from a large appears to have been as original in character as he was fearless and determined. Evidently with a bumper of "genuine old grog" thrown in, asked his benefactor if he would not kindly dipped it into his glass several times until nicely flavored, and then drank. which is now the residence of the bishop. was extremely fond of "the rosy," which in his case not only cheered but inebriated. One day what in the name of heaven he had done that for, to which the thankful traveler replied by when he had been entertaining a foreign minasking if he would permit him to mix one for ister and had imbibed considerably more than him. The farmer consented, and after drinkwas prudent he boasted that his troops ing smacked his lips and said "Grand!" The the best drilled in the world traveler continued on his way after thanking and absolutely infallible in the accuracy of his host for the hospitality shown him, having their movements. The statement received by the guest with polite in-Four years later he passed the same way again and stopped at the same old farmer's house for a glass of water. Instead of his old friend he was met at the door by an old lady formed them single file and marched them up wearing a nicely-bordered cap. "May I have into the second-story front room where the a glass of water, Ma'am?" asked the traveler. minister and himself had lately breakfasted, "Certainly," was the kind reply. "But where syour husband?" asked the stranger, as he drank a glass of plain water. "Well, you see, to halt, every man, accounted as he was, stalked sir, about four years ago a stranger passed this straight through the window and off the balway and taught my poor husband how to drink whisky with grass in it. He never drank his whisky after that without grass in it and when sequence, but the general's "discipline" was sequence, but the general's "discipline" was proved beyond cavil, the unfortunate soldiers

knowing that to falter or to disobey meant in-Melgarejo had some French blood in his veins and was very fond of the land of his anestors. On the night that news was received in Bolivia of war having been declared by France against Germany, in 1871, he was, as usual at that hour, more than "half seas over," and at midnight assembled all the troops to arms in the plaza with orders to march, but with no hint as to their destination. Great alarm possessed the people, who naturally imagined that some dire peril threatened them from foreign foes. At leugth Melgarejo himself appeared, mounted on the famous steed "Holofernes," which had carried him to many victories, notably those of Socabya, Yanacocha, Igari, Iruga and Montenegro. The great captain general of Bolivia's army, who was also general of the division of Chili and wearer of the badge of the Imperial Order of the Cross of Brazil, a rare distinction, entitling him to be ever afterward known as "Grand Cross Melgarejo," halted in front of his brave men and addressed them, with voice of thunder, with these memorable words. of thunder, with these memorable words: "Soldiers, the integrity of France is threatened of its surplus earnings it can afford to expend by yearly in this particular form of luxury. The romance of diamond mining is all gone. It is now a matter of excavating vast beds of blue clay by machinery, washing it and sifting out the diamonds, which, after being roughly is by Prussia. Whoever threatens France threatens civilization and liberty. I am going to protect the French, who are our best friends. and whom I love as my own countrymen. You are going across the ocean with me. If there is not a vessel in readiness we will swim to meet one; but let every man take care not to

wet one; but let every man take care not to wet his ammunition."

Neither officers, men nor citizens dared venture a word of protest, and with Melgarejo at the head of the column they filed out of the city and up the mountain by the only road that leads from this cup-like hollow to the outer world. Meanwhile in the city all was confusion and dismay. A pouring rain came on and thus and dismay. A pouring rain came on and thun-der and lightning added terror to the scene. Mear the cemetery the troops were obliged to halt to recover breath. Here the cabinet minister, who had been sent out to make one more effort to dissuade Melgarejo from the mad enterprise, came up with him, and the general, his ardor having been somewhat dampened and his intexication subdued by a thorough wetting, consented to return and cheerfully ordered the soldiers back to their barracks.

QUELLING A REVOLUTION. used tales are told of t

man, some of them terrible enough to curdle BOLIVIAN TROOPERS.

the blood in one's veins. That he was not altogether cruel is proved by his conduct after the battle of Tetanias, in January of 1866, on which occasion his army routed the constitutional forces under Gen. Castro Arguedas. In the midst of the field, with the dead and dying around him, the victorious Malgarejo, using a drum head for a table, wrote that historic proclamation beginning, "Men of Bolivia! The smoke of gunpowder has purified the political atmosphere." A great many prisoners had been taken; among them a number of prominent officers. They were confined to the prison of Loreto, that place of somber memories where, a few years before, the ex-president of the republic, Jorje Cordova, and his political associates were sacrificed by the ferocity of the commander of the department, Col. Placido Yanes, whose name, meaning "tranquil," does not seem to have been very well applied. On the day after the battle the blood in one's veins. That he was not alwell applied. On the day after the battle Melgarejo, mounted on horseback, made his way to the plaza of Loreto and ordered all the isoners to be brought before him and placed in a row. Knowing the character of the man this order was received by the prisoners as their death sentence, and the people of the place, overcome with terror, expected to wit-ness a horrible scene of bloodshed and ven-

The prisoners were filed out, among them many of Melgarejo's army, who had fied from his stern rule and joined the enemy on the day of battle. When the row was formed, every wretch expecting instant death, Gen. Meiga-rejo approached and contemplated them with a gaze that froze the blood in their veins. He said: "So these are my opponents; these are the curs who thought to conquer Melgarejo! Away with you, ye vermin, ye offscouring! Slink back to your homes and return not to seek quarrels with me. Dedicate your miserable lives in the future to the service of your families. Away with you, ye corajo dema-gogues!" (Corajo is the worst swear word in the Spanish language.)
It is needless to add that the prisoners skedaddled, fleeing through the streets in all directions like so many frightness deep fouring

directions like so many frightened deer, fearing that the great general might change his mind before they were out of reach. Melgarejo then took up his position in the village of Viache, where, in the public square, he signed upon a cannon the celebrated decree of convocation which assembled a national convention in the following August. He then and there announced his intention to make a triumphal mony of guard mounting, and although it oc-curs every few hours, year in and year out, it is invariably attended by the same flourish of and he actually carried out the program to the astonishment and terror of the inhabitants.

GROTESQUE INDIANS.

We have been much interested of late in ac-

counts of the Yuracares, a tribe of wild Indians who inhabit the eastern frontier of Bolivia. They wear but one garment, a sort of shirt made from the bark of a tree, the bark being beaten thin until it resembles cloth. They paint these shirts in all kinds of grotesque figures, using bright colors extracted from various dye or it. plants. On state occasions the cacique also wears a pig tail made from the shells of nuts. the backs of green beetles and gay feathers from parrots and macaws; besides which he and all his people further enhance their beauty by painting black rings around their arms and egs. One would think that nature had made them dark enough, but they evidently entereyes and mouth. From each car a silver coin is suspended; around the neck is a string of beads and berries with a after a slight over-indulgence in stimulants the after a slight over-indulgence in stimulants the bird's wing or claw of some wild animal for a pendant. As a proof that they are rather proud of their appearance, each carries a bag himself, a comb made from thongs of the palm tree, a quantity of the berries and fruit for painting the skin black and red, a pair of pincers (which are nothing but two in the same regiment. Some of the officers shells) for pulling out any superfluous hair that wear long doubled-caped overcoats of scarlet makes its appearance, a snuff box made from a structed Manhattan cocktail, compounded of shelter for the night and keeps reptiles and insects at a respectful distance. This tent is made of waterproof canvas or oiled muslin. It made of waterproof canvas or oiled muslin. It made of waterproof canvas or oiled muslin. It makes its appearance, a shull box made from a structed Manhattan cocktail, compounded of which he is most fond—the polished bone from a structed Manhattan cocktail, compounded of which he is most fond—the polished bone from a structed Manhattan cocktail, compounded of which he is most fond—the polished bone from a structed Manhattan cocktail, compounded of which he is most fond—the polished bone from a structed Manhattan cocktail, compounded of which he is most fond—the polished bone from a structed Manhattan cocktail, compounded of which he is most fond—the polished bone from a structed Manhattan cocktail, compounded of which he is most fond—the polished bone from a structed Manhattan cocktail, compounded of which he is most fond—the polished bone from a structed Manhattan cocktail, compounded of which he is most fond—the polished bone from a structed Manhattan cocktail, compounded of which he is most fond—the polished bone from a structed Manhattan cocktail, compounded of which he is most fond—the polished bone from a structed Manhattan cocktail, compounded of which he is most fond—the polished bone from a structed Manhattan cocktail, compounded of which he is most fond—the polished bone from a structed Manhattan cocktail, compounded of which he is most fond—the polished bone from a structed Manhattan cocktail, compounded of which he which is in the water gradually rose, and no one could structed Manhattan cocktail, compounded of which he which is in the water gradually rose, and no one could structed Manhattan cocktail, compounded of which he water gradually rose, and no one could structed Manhattan cocktail, compounded of which he water gradually rose, and no one could structed Manhattan cocktail, compounded of which he water gradually rose, and no one could structed Manhattan cock round and hollow, answers very well for a flute or whistle, especially as it is noise he desires and not a tune.

The chief sustenance of these Indians is chicha made of the cassava root (yucca), boiled and then partly chewed by the women after which it is mashed between stones and left to ferment. On the third day it becomes a little sharp in taste, which quality increases as the fermentation proceeds. Its consistency and appearance are much like mashed potatoes. and to prepare it for drinking a lump the size of your fist is taken in a dirty hand and kneaded in a gourd of water until well mixed. Then all the coarser fiber which floats on the surface is removed with the fingers and the beverage is considered "fit for the gods." Those who have so far overcome their natural prejudice against the fangs and flugers of the squaws as to taste it report that it is both palatable and wholesome.

"GOOD ENOUGH FOR ANYBODY." I can testify from experience that the civilized chicha of Peru and Bolivia, the universal beverage of the lower classes, is good enough for anybody. There are many ways of making it in different parts of South America. That most common in the two countries above mentioned is from shelled corn, well washed and Bolivia's soldiers according to their uniform it | bruised, then tied up in leaves and boiled ten or twelve hours until quite soft. This pulpy matter is then run through coarse sieves and put into barrels, which are filled up with water. Miehl (honey) or sugar-cane sirup is then added in varying degrees to suit the taste of the chicha maker, and after a few days of fermentation it is ready to drink.

Another and perhaps more common method is to put the shelled corn, uncooked, into large, square holes dug in the ground not deeper than six or eight inches, the top and bottom being well covered with a layer of clean straw. Water is then poured on several times every day and in the course of a week or two the corn begins to sprout. When these shoots have grown about an inch long the corn is taken out, crushed between stones, put into he was designed for those feudal times that barrels and fermented with water and honey have long gone by, and his methods would not be tolerated today in any civilized land. At taken in inordinate quantities, but is mildly one time he lived in the big house at the north-east corner of the central plaza of La Paz, a measure takes the place of food. It is the fashion among los ricos and the foreigners to treat one another to picante luncheon-meaning native dishes made very hot with peppers and aji, cooled by goblets of chicha.

FANNIE B. WARD.

A Good Census Yarn. From the Pall Mall Gazette. Apropos of the coming census, a contemporary is reminded of an old story which went | the magistrate on the ground of her destitute the round of the last census period. During the taking of the census in India in 1881, in a district in the Central Provinces, some of the tribes took fright and ran away. The district posed for several of Hans Makart's largest officer finally induced their head men to listen to explanations. Relying on the fact that wagers of various kinds figure extensively in Indian folklore, he solemnly assured them that the queen of England and the empress of Russia, having quarreled as to which ruled over the most subjects, had laid a big bet on the point. He went on to explain that the census was being taken in order to settle the bet, and he warned his hearers in a spirited peroration that, if they stand in the jungle and refused to be counted, the queen would lose her money, and they would be disgraced forever, ar nimak-haram, or traitors to their salt. The story served its purpose and the tribes came in Heard in a Furnishing Store.

"I wish to see some men's shirts." "For yourself?" "Men's shirts." "For your brother?" "The size is thirteen and a half." "Young man?" "About my ace" "Of course I would not dare-" "What kind of a shirt does your brother "Oh, something that sets up well around the neck—something jaunty."
"Jaunty? For your brother?"
"I know what I want—I mean, what I

From the Clothier and Furnisher.

"Good morning. madam!"

wants,"
"I think this cheviot will about fit him.
"You guarantee this fit?" "Well if you would like to—that is, if your brother would like to try it on—why—" "Wrap it up!"
"Anything else?"

"Yes, a four-in-hand—blue."
"How does this strike you?"
"Do you think it would go well with this dress? "Pshaw!" (Exit.) Time Works Wonders.

"And so you will be seven next week Plossie! Why, you are getting to be quite an old lady." "Yes, I'm getting old much faster than you are, for you have been twenty-three ever since I can remember."

"Freekle parties" are fashionable at the sea-shore. The girl with the most freekles gets a prize. She also gets as mad as the deuce when told that she has the most freekles.—Norrie-tous Herald.

A GENTLEMAN TOPER.

Never Intoxicated, but Never Completely

ER DISCOURSES TO A STAR REPORTER ON THE ART OF DRINKING-HE THINES THIS A DEGEN-BRATE DAT-HIS DAILT PROGRAM-AN ASTON-ISHING CAPACITY FOR ABSORPTION.

KENTUCKY gentleman, sah," said in hand, before the bar, "makes a study en connoisseur of the art of drinking in hand, before the bar, "makes a study an art, sah, which is shamefully neglected nowadays, by gad! In this commercial age such unceasing activity is exercised in pursuit of the elusive dollah that a man who expects to sustain the competition and get along in the world is really obliged to keep sober nearly all of the time. That beautiful old fashion of a century ago, sanctified by hundreds of years of hospitable practice, which made it the fashion for the host to gently strive with his guests at dinner over the wine cup until both he and they had to be dragged out from under the table and carried up to bed by the servants in the small hours has fallen almost wholly into disuse. Actually in our day-or rather I should say your day, my boy-a young gentleman is considered to be disgraced if a little over-exercise of the elbow incidental to an interchange of courtesies with his friends has rendered him perceptibly un-steady on his pins. By gad! it's a fact, though you'd scarce credit it. It reminds me of a story my friend Col. Jaybird was telling me the other day about a bummer who saw a Salvation Army procession passing, with a banner that read. 'We bend the knee, but not the elbow.' What the bummer said was: 'I never did believe in that demmed habit of drinkin' out of the bunghole.' But you must see for yourself that general social intercourse, which in all ages of the civilized world has been more or less on an alcoholic basis, must suffer in the quality of its results by reason of the abandonment to a great extent of stimulants. Why, do you know, a young clergyman of no condition by birth and without parts worth mentioning had the impudence to ask me one day last week for the hand

of my youngest daughter. Said I in reply:
"I would like to inquiah, sah, on what you base your demand for my daughter in marriage?'
"That posed him just a little, but he managed to stammer out: "I have \$1,200 a year, general, and no bad

habits,' "Such bad habits as what, sah?" I asked. "I drink nothing, at all events,' he said.
"Drink nothing! I replied. 'And do you imagine that that will serve as a recommendation to me? In my time, sah, it was considered the thing for a young man to have a few gentlemanly vices, and even a sucking parson did not despise a share in a flask of good Bourbon or a bottle of wine without a rubber nipple

"So I did all but kick the clergyman out of the door. But the only thing bothering me now is that my daughter is determined to marry him, and I suppose I shall be compelled to yield sooner or later.

THE ART OF DRINKING. "But to return to what I was saying about tain a different opinion and make use of a kind the art of drinking. In its highest develop-of fruit which looks like an apple, which, when ment its first principle consists in not becomthe art of drinking. In its highest developrubbed on the skin, turns it black as ink. Then ing intoxicated. It is worth while to have a they redden their cheeks with the juice of a sort of program when one is really drinking berry and paint scarlet rings around the eyes and mouth. From each ear a "For instance, to begin with, suppose that I night before. The first thing I ask for is a bottle of ice-cold beer. Persons less experienced in the art of drinking than I would howl containing a few articles for use in adorning for a cocktail at once; but that would be altogether inconsistent with propriety in such matters. A cool bath, not too cold, is the proper thing next, and thereupon a second botto breakfast and swallow a second cocktail, likewise prepared by my man.

wines-a sound Bordeaux and some good Sauterne, with a bottle of polly water for a freshener. The breakfast itself must be highly seasoned—a steak, a chop or a grilled bone, with fried potatoes and black coffee. After breakfast I am ready to take two or three drinks of mellow whisky, not less than seven years old, with water and a cigarette for an accompaniment. Then I am ready for a ride or drive, in the course of which I drop in at the houses of friends and partake of what they may give me in the way of juleps and so on. Re-turning home I swallow a plain whisky cocktail, go to my room, and make, with the aid of my man, another elaborate toilet.

"Coming down stairs in my dress coat and linen I take still another cocktail as a preparation for dining. This makes me feel entirely well and I am in my best mood for entertaining my guests conversationally, while I keep myself up to the mark during the repast by taking my share of sherry, claret, champagne, port, liqueurs and brandy to top off with. "At 10:30 p.m. the ladies go to bed and I retire with the other men to the smoking room.

The only things in the way of refreshments wanted there are cigars, whisky and a bottle of apollinaris. I am then prepared to converse until 1:30 a.m., taking doses of whisky and water at intervals of half an hour. About 1:30 is naturally proposed something to eat, which naturally serves as a superstructure for more whisky. I turn in at 3:30 a.m. or thereabout and get up the next morning between 10 and 11, prepared to repeat the course. This can be kept up with agreeableness for two weeks, and I can conscientiously say that during that period I have not been really intoxicated once and at the same time I have not been sober for one moment. After two weeks of it I am likely to feel tired, but I have lived. In a fortnight of such convivial indulgence it may be justly said that a man can see more, experience more and go through more phases of emotion and of thought than a tectotaler can accomplish in a lifetime. Such was the philosophy of the fine old En glish gentleman, which so well deserves imita-

Hans Makart's Lovely Model.

From the London Daily News. A widow charged at Vienna the other day with throwing a wine bottle at a man's head, to his serious injury, appealed to the mercy of condition. She told the following story of her life: She said she had been called "the beautiful Emily," and was the famous model who mythological pictures. Afterward she had married a well-to-do manufacturer, whom she taught to be idle and fond of luxury, so that at his death she was left penniless. She had since lived by writing letters to benevolent ladies and gentlemen describing her destitute position, which was such that she had not often meal or a fire and never a rag to put upon her back. She was especially animated in in-forming the court that, while she generally ob-tained some sort of help, a lady had once writ-ten to her that she did not give clothes to people who had been so long accustomed to go without. The ex-beauty seemed to take this as an insult to her former profession. The court was moved by her destitute condition to limit her sentence to one week's imprisonment.

The Influence of Telegraph on Diction.

Somewhere I read long ago that the evergrowing practice of telegraphing was undermining the grammar and the literature of America. Though I believe that the literature America, especially of the United States, is but just begun-barring, of course, some notable instances in the earlier history of our country, I candidly confess that in the very nature of the brevity of the telegrams there is something which tells against pure diction and sound grammar. I was in receipt only last week of a letter from a well-known editorial writer on a New York newspaper. The language of telegraphy was as easily discerned as though the epistle had been written on a Western Union blank. "Yours received," "will write again," blank. "Yours received," "will write again,"
"am not sure of phraseology," "Huxley mentions same," are some of the expressions this
well-trained writer allowed to slip from his peu. A Catch to It.

From the Detroit Free Press.

A middle-aged woman called at an insuran office on Griswold street a day or two ago to announce that she wanted to insure her house. "For how much?" asked the agent. "Oh. about \$500." "Very well. I'll come up and investigate."

"I don't know much about insurance," she "It's very plain, ma'am."
"If I'm insured for \$500 and the house burns up I get the money?"
"Certainly."

"And they don't ask who set it afire?"
"Oh, but they do. We shall want to know all about it."
"Then you needn't come up," she said as she arese to go. "I heard there was some catch about it semewhere and now I see where it in."

HARD RIDING IN THE EAST. Some Feats That Have Been Done by

From the Galveston News. During the last century, when long journeys, called riding posts, were much in vogue in Europe among the aristocracy and wealthy sporting men, a match was made between Mr. Shafts and Mr. Maywell for 1,000 guineas, the old general, drawing his tall per- Mr. Shafts to find a man who would ride 100 son up with dignity as he stood, glass miles per day for twenty-seven consecutive days.

> thought that the enormous distance of 2,700 miles at 100 per day would be likely to break miles at 100 per day would be likely to break any horseman down. Nevertheless, Mr. John Woodcock, who was selected to ride by Mr. Shafts, performed the feat without any extra fatigue or punishment. He used thirty horses and rode three or four of them each day. In Turkey the sultan's mails and dispatches from outlying provinces used to be carried by Tartars riding post, with relays of horses changed every 20 or 30 miles, and are now in some parts of the country where telegraph has not been established. The same man in charge went the whole distance; these couriers would often perform great feats of endurance. From Bagdad to Constantinople is 1,600 miles, not over a level or rolling prairie, but frequently crossing mountain ranges, along precipices, across torrents, &c., and there is not a mile of made road the relationship. made road the whole way, yet the ordinary time the Tartars took to perform the distance was a fortnight, and on urgent occasions it has been done in twelve days, and even in eleven

> There is no doubt whatever about this, because the route through Asia Minor, from the Persian Gulf, was in former days, before the Red Sea route was established, often used by officers and others who did not mind rough travel and were in a hurry to get home or to get out to India, and they often rode with the Tartars from end to end, besides which the British resident at Bagdad, or rather the resi-dency, was for more than a century in the habit of transmitting dispatches from India to Constantinople and Europe by these same carriers. As much as 150 miles per day has often been done for eight or ten days by the Tartars. They only rested four hours out of the twentyfour, and pushed on the rest of the time at a rate of 6 to 10 miles an hour.

> THE FIRST CHEW OF TOBACCO. How It Feels for a Boy to Try to Be a Man Too Suddenly.

W. D. Howells in Harpers' Young People.

The boy said it was a peculiar kind of tobacco, and was known as molasses tobacco, because it was so sweet. The other boys did not ask how he came to know its name or where he got it-boys never ask anything that would be well for them to know-but they accepted his theory and his further statement that it was of a mildness singularly adapted to learners without misgivings. The boy was himself chewing vigorously on a large quid, and launching the juice from his lips right and left like a grown person, and my boy took as large a bite as his benefactor bade him. He found it as sweet as he had been told it was, and he acknowledged the aptness of its name of molassos tobacco. It seemed to him a golden opportunity to acquire a noble habit on easy terms. He let the quid rest in his check, as he had seen men do, when he was not crushing it between his teeth, and for some minutes he poled his plank up and down the canal boat with a sense of triumph that nothing marred. Then all of a sudden he began to feel pale. The boat seemed to be going round and the sky wheeling overhead. The sun was dodging The fellow who gave him the tobacco began my boy did not mind them. Somehow—he did not know how—he got out of the canal boat and started homeward, but at every step the him, and then, when he got his foot high enough and began to put it down, the ground was not there. He was deathly sick, as he recled and staggered on, and when he reached home and showed himself, white and haggard, to his frightened mother, he had scarcely strength enough to gasp out a confession of his attempt to retrieve the family honor by learning to chew tobacco. In another moment nature came to his relief, and then he fell into deep sleep which lasted the whole afternoon, so that it seemed to him the next day when he woke up, glad to find himself alive, if not very

Perhaps he had swallowed some of the poi sonous juice of the tobacco; perhaps it had acted upon his brain without that. His father made no very close inquiries into the facts, and he did not forbid him the use of tobacco. It was not necessary; in that one little experi ment he had got enough for a whole lifetime. It shows that after all a boy is not so hard to setisfy in everything.

Sweating Feet. From Good Housekeeping. There is another affection of the feet not quite so general as the above, which is, nevertheless, quite as aggravating, and in some respects more annoying, and that is sweating. If there is simply a tendency to perspiration, frequent bathing and changes of foot-wear will be especially necessary. In such cases the addition of a small quantity of ammonia to the water will be found beneficial, and if there is excessive tenderness-which is very apt to be the case-weak alum water may be applied. An application of cologne, bay rum or diluted scohol is also helpful. Powdered chalk and starch are also recommended, especially where there is a tendency to chafe and blister. Where perspiration is attended with an of-

fensive odor the problem is more difficult of solution. In addition to the treatment above indicated the use of a disinfectant must be quite often resorted to, and for this purpose ither boracic acid or permanganate of potash should be used. An ounce of the former to a quart of water will give about the right trength, and of the permanganate 20 grains to the ounce of water. Of course only cotton hose should be worn. The feet of these may be dipped in the solution and dried before wearng, changing daily or oftener, as circumstances may require; but, perhaps, a better way is to wear cork insoles which have been immersed in the liquid and dried, changing as often as necessary. External cleanliness is no relief for chronic maloder of the feet, out something may be gained by avoiding in the diet such articles as fish, cheese, onions, and others of a like nature. In connection with the dietetic treatment the feet should be coction of ashes, to which steeped laurel leaves and a little turpentine have been added. In addition to the morning and evening bath, after the feet have been wiped dry, rub with a powder composed of a drachm of camphor, two ounces of iris powder and eight ounces of powdered starch. An application of oxide of tine, beginning with a weak solution and increasing the strength if necessary, is recom-mended as a positive cure.

Where these simpler treatments fail, the method of M. Legoux, an eminent French physician, is commended. After bathing the feet frequently in cold water during a couple of days, the doctor paints them with a mixture composed of five drachms of glycerine, two ounces of solution of perchloride of iron, with forty drops of essence of bergamot. The ab-normal heat of the parts is at once reduced, the perspiration diminishes and with it the offensive odor. Treatment twice a day for a week or two will generally cure the most obstinate cases.

Curiosities of Sunburn. From the London Daily News.

Sunburn on the snow has been the subject of Sunburn on the snow has been the subject of an interesting investigation by Dr. Robert L. Bowles. Alpine climbers concede the curious fact that sun on snow burns more quickly than on rocks or in heated valleys at a low elevation and Dr. Bowles remarks that sunlight reflected from freshly fallen snow acts much more energetically on the skin than that reflected from older snow. Dr. Bowles one brilliant day painted his face brown and ascended the Gorner Grat, where there was much snow. There painted his face brown and ascended the Gorner Grat, where there was much snow. There were about eighty others making the ascent. In the evening all excepting Dr. Bowles were smarting from the effects of sunburn. He points out that in Morocco and all along the north of Africa the inhabitants bineloss the most of the hot sand. In Pift the parties abandon their red and white stripes when they go fishing on the reef in the full glare of the sun and blacken their faces. In the Sikkim hills also the natives blacken themselves round the eyes as a protection from the glare of the sun on newly-fallen snow. Dr. Bowles concludes that heat is not the direct cause of sunburn; but that it is probably caused by the violet or ultra-violet rays of light which are reflected from the snow.

If Lady Dunio, who has retired from the stage, will now only retire from the cable dispatches everything will be forgiven.—Kaneas Oby Fines.

SCENES IN TOMBSTONE, Decay of the Once Famous Arizona Silver Camp.

I climbed to the summit of the hill on which is situated the reservoir of the Huachuca -Water Company, writes a correspondent of the San Francisco Chronicle. Below was the Contention valley, in the bosom of which nestles the pretty and once prosperous city of Tombstone-name of ill omen. The picture is an exceedingly pretty one to one who loves the mountains and whose heart throbs in unison There was a great deal of money bet on this with the music of the driff and the hammer thing, principally against it being done. It and drop of the tireless stamp mill. There is was well known, however, that distances of no more picturesque place in Arizona than 900 to 1,200 or even 1,500 miles had frequently Tombstone, none more prettily situated, and been covered at the rate of from 100 to 120 or not one enjoying a more salubrious climate or even 150 miles per diem, but the knowing ones possessing a more intelligent, enterprising and generous population.
Its massive blocks and elaborate places of

business are reminders of the presperous days of 1880 to 1885. During that period millions were invested in mining machinery and within three years more than \$5,000,000 were paid out in dividends. Below lay the original discovery of the camp-the Toughnut mine. Beyond, to the right, was the Contention, the Grand Cen-tral and other properties that contributed so much to making Tombstone at one time the largest silver producer in the country. I estimated—and it was subsequently confirmed by inquiry at the offices of the mines-that I was looking on hoisting plants and mills that cost fully \$5,000,000.

This estimate does not include the longsince abandoned mills and smelters that line the San Pedro from Benson to Charleston and be-yond the Nogales. These latter must have cost several millions more and stand as reminders of the ignorance of character of the ores and the means needed for their reduction. Today but one of them is in operation—the Grand Central mill—but they have had their uses. They furnished the light by means of which their builders and operators were enabled to find the loadstone to attract the precious metals from the ores of Contention mountain. tain. Having served their purpose they were abandoned, charged to profit and loss and are now rapidly decaying.

The plants that rested under the eye were no

more active than those that fringe the San Pedro. Excepting one little stack on my extreme left they were all idle. The cages were hanging idle on the cables and rats and lizards inhabited the adits. Of the army of miners, whose monthly pay once aggregated \$200,000, less than a hundred are at work today. The streets that once swarmed with people are now practically deserted. Blocks of handsome buildings are untenanted. The variety theater, where serio-comies cracked their voices and other people's ears, and where newly made millionaires healed those cracked throats with Jersey champagne at "\$5 for pints," only a few years ago is now vacant, dark and dreary, the boxes that hang like bird cages from the sides still carrying a suggestion of wicked women, wasted lives, empty purses and headaches. Three banks have given way to one, and over the whole hovers the evil spirit of desolation.

The transition came as in a night. With the dying out of the flames of the Grand Central in 1885 came the gloom that has since hung over the place. The great strike two years before was an injury to the camp, and it had scarcely recovered from that when the other disaster came. Five years of idleness; five years of contraction of values, of detraction outside, of waiting. And yet there are here brave spirits who have never wavered, never despaired. Through it all they have stood by Tombstone, and express a determination to do so to the end. The attachment men form for a mining camp is stronger than that for any other locality. In the end these loyal Tombstoners will get their reward.

More disastrous than strike, fire or water was the act demonetizing silver. That law paralyzed the entire camp. The Grand Central Company did not feel waranted to replace a pumping plant that cost between \$350,000 and

no change was found either in the value or the characteristics of the ores. There was no realarge dividends should not be continued indefinitely. Those riches are still in these mines, under the water. They cannot be reached unless the water is lifted, and that means the expenditure of a sum approximating \$1,000,000. No one company feels like going to this expense, since its pumping would help all its neighbors; indeed, every mine in the camp. Efforts have been made to consolidate the great interests of the camp and jointly erect a pumping plant, but without success thus far. All miners agree that the body of water encountered in this camp is enormous; indeed, that it is quite phenomenal; but with silver permanently at from \$1.15 to \$2.20 this difficulty would be soon overcome and Tombstone would once more be itself.

WILD BILL'S WAY.

How One of the Desperado's Many Victims Met His End.

From the Denver News.

"It has been a good many years since I was in Denver," remarked William P. Jameson at the Albany recently, as he prepared to look over a paper from San Francisco, his present place of residence. "The last time I was in this city," continued he, "I made the acquaintance of Wild Bill, whose sudden taking off at Deadwood is still mentioned in the papers. A few months after leaving Denver I again met Wild Bill in Salt Lake City. It was rather an exciting time, for Bill had just killed a man in the streets. The circumstances of the killing were about as follows:

"The night before the affray Bill sat down to a game of cards with an old frontiersman named Jack Williams. Both the men were good card players, but luck went against Bill, and about 3 o clock in the morning he staked his last cent and lost it. With some hesitation he drew out his watch, which was a fine gold repeater and was the present of a friend of former days, and put the watch up against \$200. At the end of ten minutes the watch

was gone. " 'Williams,' said Bill as he arose from his seat, 'put the watch in the hands of the bar keeper and I will redeem it in the morning." "'Oh, I guess not,' was the reply. 'The watch is mine and I'll wear it down town in the morning.'
"A wicked gleam appeared in Bill's eyes. He again asked that the watch be left at the

"'I'll wear it,' was the reply.
"'If you wear that watch you'll die,' said
Bill, with a firm tone. 'What time will you be "'Ten o'clock,' was the laughing reply. The

men parted. "True to his word Williams sauntered down the street at 10 o'clock the next morning. Bill met him at the principal street corner. "'Have you got that watch on?' asked Bill.

"I have,' was the prompt reply.
"Both reached for their revolvers, but Bill was too quick for his opponent. Two shots rang out and Williams dropped dead. Bill was

"Looking scornfully at his fallen victim. Bill hissed between his teeth, 'By —, I like a game man, but that's what a fool gets.' Bill was never tried for killing Williams and it is safe to say that he recovered his watch, I have been told," continued the speaker, "that after Wild Bill's death it was found that in the palm of each of his hands there was a round, calloused spot caused by dropping his hands on the handles of his revolvers."

From the Helena Independent.

We are assured, on what seems good authority, that the project of importing kangaroos into this country is seriously entertained by several enthusiastic and wealthy sportsmen of the west. The animals have been successfully acclimated in England and France, and we are bope to be privileged to introduce the new game at the beginning of the warm season in the Yellowstone Park, and to insure them for a few years government protection and immunity from senseless sportsmen.

Victoria Was Not Moved. From the Lady's Pictorial.

Mrs. Norton inquired eagerly of Lord Panmure, after the queen had pinned a medal on the breast of brave Sir Thomas Troubridge, the Crimean hero: "Was the queen touched?"

"Bless my soul, no!" was the reply. "She had a brass railing before her and no one could touch her."
"Mrs. Norton explained:

"I mean, was she moved?"

"Moved!" returned Lord Panmure, with will ful stolidity, "she had no occasion to mova."

And then Mrs. Norton gave it up in despair.